

II.  
PICTURESQUE POLITICAL AND PERSONAL  
ETCHINGS.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., April 9.—No sketch of "car-

I have mentioned Simon B. Conover's name. He was from New-Jersey. He was graduated as a doctor in 1865, immediately enlisted, and was assigned to the Army of the Cumberland as surgeon. He was subsequently ordered to Lake City, Fla., where he resigned his army appointment. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention in 1868, then a member of the lower house of the Legislature and its presiding officer. He was State Treasurer under Governor Reel. Mr. Conover served one term as United States Senator. Although he may not be called an able man, he is an active and persistent one. He is now living in comfort at Tallahassee.

Another of the "emphatic" Senators was Albah Gilbert, who came from Charlottesville, N. Y., and settled at St. Augustine, Fla. He was a man of wealth, and I do not know that he had any desire for office until that of United States Senator was suggested to him by Frederick W. De Keyser, a large, conspicuous fellow from Rhode Island, who had been appointed Collector of Customs at Jacksonville. At all events DeKeyser got a large sum of money from Mr. Gilbert "to make the Legislature all right," and he went to Tallahassee with a generous supply of all kinds of surpluses; opening a bar and free lunch in both parlors of the one large hotel, where he was to be "right for a week."

"Why, you cannot be United States Senator," said one man to him: "You are not twenty-five years old."

"I don't mind a little thing like that" was the reply.

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J. Joseph Burke, of Elmira, N. Y., was in army, where he lost his left arm. He was put in charge of the Bureau in 1873. He was appointed to this State, at Gainesville. He was subsequently removed to Jacksonville, and was made justice of the peace, then sheriff, and in 1875, he was appointed to this State. He was appointed United States Marshal in 1877. Mr. Burke is a brave man. I remember seeing his office, with a large number of negroes in it, and he was holding at bay a wild mob of negroes. A policeman in trying to arrest a rascal negro had been cut on the face with a razor. Burke took the razor from the fellow, and then a revolver, whereupon other shot him. In less than ten minutes a fair mob of negroes gathered, carrying pistols, razors and clubs, and there was nothing to do but shoot them. Burke shot them all. Mr. Burke is a wealthy man; he has been very shrewd in business transactions, and especially fortunate in being appointed master for the first term from which he has been largely in the aggregate.

Hortio Jenkins was a man of small stature, a big fighter. He resided in a Massachusetts town, and was a prize fighter. He was in the army when the rebels had down their arms. General Grant especially complimented him for bravery at the Wilderness. His command was surrounded by rebels, through whose lines he was able to cut his way. In this fight Jenkins was seized by a rebel soldier. He was taken to a rebel camp, and then sent to the Federal Bureau, and decided to make the city his permanent home. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of this State, and was elected to the Legislature. He was a member of the Legislature, and was chosen as the presiding officer of that body. Subsequently he held the office of Collector of Revenue, and then of Sheriff of this State. He was a very successful man. When this wife was owned a Dockery's night, there was found neither revenue nor curious money. Jenkins was in the office the day before Dockery left. It took a large party and some of his bondsmen to make the night good. He seemed to have been in the office a few days, and he went to Minnesota a few years later, where he is doing a first-rate law business.

THEY ARE BROUGHT FROM ENGLAND, IRELAND, GERMANY—HIGH RAILROAD FREIGHTS TO BLAN

"I began importing German potatoes," said O'Brien, a Washington Street merchant, "four years ago, being about the first to bring them over as far as Germany. My consignments the first year averaged 400 sacks, two hundred of which were large and 200 small, and of the same size, and the last consignment, 1,200 sacks brought over by the Pulla this week. German potatoes are rather smaller than the American varieties, and are highly prized because of their mealy qualities, being excellent for boiling. I see merchants in the neighboring States as well as this city."

"What is the imported potato cheaper than the American vegetable?"

"No, they sell for about the same figures. The question of freight is alone responsible for foreign countries finding a market here. You will see the reason at once when I tell you that it costs about the same to bring a sack of potatoes from Great Britain by the Atlantic steamer as to bring from Germany by the Pulla. Uncle's law is a good one to use to raise potatoes to feed the people with excellent vegetables too, but the outrageous freight charges of the railroads shut him out from the American markets. This importation of potatoes is the worst thing, I remember riding up town not many years ago with one of the best produce merchants of the city. Said he: 'I am going to make a business this season on potatoes.' That had been a drought, and he and my friend had on hand a lot of stock. He said that he could put his finger on every barrel of potatoes in the United States, and he was going to pour in from Europe. When I met my friend again I asked him if he had done it. He said he had not. I asked him why not. He said he never had dreamed of turning out. I lost money instead of making."

"What effect have the imported potatoes had on the market here with wine and spring?"

"Potatoes would have been selling for \$3.50 a barrel of 25's if it had not been for the Pulla. It is just the same with wine. In Scotland a peck of potatoes or a stone, as they call it, weighing about 40 pounds, is sold for 10 cents. In this country it is sold for 25 cents a barrel. Here in New-York a peck sells for 25 and 35 cents or \$2.50 a barrel, of course we have a large quantity of the Pulla coming in from the New-York market is thrown open to Europe. Canada. There are thousands and thousands of barrels of potatoes coming in from Europe, and up there, and the American producer is knocked out. Farmers in this country do not stop to think like sections the railroads are to bring them."

**A PLAGUE OF KATS IN SIXTH AVENUE**

BLOOD-CURDLING TALKS OF THEIR DEPREDATIONS

David S. Greenbaum, a broker of No. 63 West Fifty-first street, lives at No. 63 West Fifty-first street, the first house on the corner. His house was so infested by rats that on Thursday he appealed to the Board of Health for protection. Mr. Greenbaum said that the rats ran in and out of the holes in the walls of the bath room, and terrified the family so that they dared not leave their beds at night. He employed a man, who killed hundreds, but the rats were still numerous. Another building in which the rats have congregated is No. 914 81st ave. The first floor and basement are occupied by Deutsch & Cokeley, upholsters. Mr. Deutsch said that his basement looked like a rat kettle. He tried to stop the rats in the walls by putting over the holes, but the rats were not deterred. His basement was so infested, and the creatures fought among themselves, that he created such a noise that at times it sounded as if only man and the block who is free from the vermin. Mr. Sommer, a butcher, at No. 914 81st ave. said that he had a rat in his kitchen. Mr. Walter Spitz, who has fresh produce of the city, is located at No. 1023 80th, and he himself has been infested by rats. He said that he had killed over seven rats within an hour. He said that he had killed a rat in his kitchen on Wednesday, and so on. Mr. Deutsch said that he had cured a "plantation of ears," but the rats were still in the house. He said that he had a rat in his kitchen. The latest fact at No. 100 is overrun with rats. It is up a supper, all but the heel, belonging to 3 Greenbaum, who lives at No. 100. The rats were seen to get out yesterday. Mrs. Shaw, who lives on the floor of No. 912, declares that they carry off of the food and eat it. They also destroy the furniture and carpets and destroy furniture. The people afraid to poison them because they would die in the house. The rats were seen to get out of the house. The rats went from there. "We scatter carbolic acid liberate of lime about the stoves," said a former owner of the house. "I killed a rat in the kitchen." Several professional rat killers visited the block Tuesday and offered to rid the block of the rodents. It is said that the rats are still in the house. It is said that there have been numerous for several years in this block but never become a plague until this year.

### MEET IN NEW-YORK HOTELS.

General B. Butler told me yesterday that one of the most serious problems with Governor of Massachusetts related to the Bell Telephone Company. They had secured the passage of a bill in the Legislature to increase the rate of taxation upon the stock owned by or controlled by the company. When I took the matter up for investigation," said General, "I found that they had several times increased their stock or changed their organization. Each time the patents were put in as the principal capital of the company. Their statement of business was based upon existing State laws, and they would get away from them and really escape it. I made up my mind that the increase was against public policy and had written out part of a veto message giving my views on the subject. I had sent for Mr. Forbes, the same gentleman who has been over to Washington, and had asked him for information, but could get no satisfaction out of him. He was content for treatment of the case as a violation of the general principle, but had opposed until now the stock was held by four or five persons in Boston. I found to my astonishment that the stock was in the hands of a few persons, and that they were trustees of estates, and I knew what that meant. If the investment process goes back to the original owners, the stock will take care of itself. It proceeds. If it goes to the estate for the issue. The stock was at \$200. I did not find it my duty to inflict injury on so many innocent people, and I folded up my partly written veto without my signature. I said to myself that if some day anybody probably be pulled down some thing, and I might suffer, but I could not consent to such a measure."

Cyrus W. Field is inviting all his acquaintances to over to Massachusetts next Thursday to hear the arguments of counsel before the committee of the Legislature on the New-York and New-England bond and mail route. He says it will be one of the great days in the history of Massachusetts and that the committee has been overwhelmed with applications for admission. I fancy that Mr. Field is not a little anxious to see the thing done. While I was talking about it with him yesterday, he was joined by George William Ballou, who is part Bostonian and partly New-Yorker, both of whom are in the ranks of the "free traders." Mr. Ballou said to Mr. Field: "Well, you have raised Massachusetts' interest in something of her old-time prominence and have won her from her lethargy." "I am glad to find that," said Mr. Field highly, "I respect." The compliment pleased Mr. Field highly.

Mr. Butters, "the 5-cent Delmonico," is a tall, slender man, so young looking that his son of twenty is mistaken for his brother. He has a high forehead, baldness has exaggerated into enormous proportions. He is a Western importation into Gotham, having been an insurance agent in California and a miner in Colorado. He has several partners in his latest ventures and while the papers were signed each partner took out a life insurance policy of \$10,000 for the benefit of the survivors in case of death. Mr. Butters is anxious to see the other partners and to have them agree with him that the other lives are the best means of giving the concern a cash to buy out the estate of either one who might die without winding up the business.

Mr. Ingalls said to me about Cincinnati that it was a fashion there now to be honest in public affairs and that as a result he expected to see great improvement in the city within ten years. "We have four million dollars expend in paving alone," he said. "Under the old regime in Cincinnati three-fourths of this would have been stolen, but we do not propose to have a dollar of misappropriated. The contractors on one of the streets who thought they could shirk their work have been compelled to take up and relay an entire block. The people of Cincinnati are a little better than the people of

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Ex-Congressman "Tom" Ochiltree does not hesitate to say what he thinks of the United States Engineers on an occasion. "They come down into Texas," he said to me the other day, "and begin by apologizing to the people for having belonged in any way to the army that whipped them. They explain that the engineers are not regular soldiers. Then they cultivate the society of the place and lead the German and sing in all the musicals and attend every opera and dance attend to every lady who gives a reception. But when it comes down to practical engineering they do not know as much in a year as one smart Yankee lad can teach them in a minute. They start out on a theory about the improvement of harbors. They expend a million dollars to prove the theory a failure. Then they are ashamed to acknowledge it. Their *amour propre* is hurt. Instead of advising new plans they say that a year or two after year, which is really a long time, will show. The entire corps stands at the disposal of any other who may make a recommendation, no matter how bad it is proven

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I asked Mr. Robinson about the match business, with reference to the constant consumption of pine and said: "We have pine enough to last for twenty-five years. It is located in the Outangano region. Match can be made out of straw-stalk, as well as of pine. There is small impediment to the manufacture of match. The only competition is that in Michigan. Wax matches can also be made cheaply. We can make them in the same way as in Michigan. We can get the dry, punk-like pine of the North woods, the only pine that is really fit for use. The forest is yours. You go to get it, we'll let the pine be for our purposes."

I met W. J. Canada uptown yesterday for the first time since he became captain of the United States Coast Guard cutter, the *Albatross*, and was called on at the Washington Wall Street. He was calling on a friend at a hotel, while he was waiting for an answer to his card. I called on him with a letter from the *Washington Post*, and he was highly friendly under which a man rests," said Mr. Canada, "who has ninety or a hundred men under him, for all whose nets he is held accountable, and very few of whom are of his own section. It was not a place of honor, but I was glad to accept it, and I was glad to have my mind to account it. It was my being treasurer of the Democratic National Convention, and I led my troops to the White House, and I was named Treasurer."

The performances of Salvini and Booth were well talked about among their fellow professionals. W. H. Florence, whose season has been over for some time, was one of the lucky members of the guild who could see the plays. He said to me yesterday: "It is hardly the thing for an actor to pass judgment on actors. It is for the critics to do that. But I had impressions of Salvini's *Othello* that will remain as long as I live. I regard it as a great and a masterly piece of acting. I found that the actor is a great artist, and that he, in turn, was moved and showed himself a perfect actor before I had seen him. I regard him as the equal of Ford, which, from my standpoint, is saying all that can

Governor S. F. Hauser, of Montana, like many other Western men, likes a social game of poker. While he was in the East this winter he spent some time in Washington. The Senatorial poker parties were open to him and he had many agreeable evenings with the able players of that body. One night the Governor was heavy winner. His antagonists were Republicans. When they got up from the table one of them remarked gravely, "Well, Governor, this settles the matter. I can't beat you at poker any more." "After that," the Democratic side of the Senate was represented in the party and there was a hearty laugh over the discomfiture of the Governor as he stood and looked rudely at his winning hand. It was several days before he heard the last of the "settling."

It must have been after a less successful evening poker that the Governor drew on his bankers in New York for a few hundred dollars. He came over here shortly after making the draft, and when he called on the bank the head of the house told him that he had recently and incidentally sold the hotel over at Washington and incidentally bought another place, are they not, Governor? "N-no," replied the governor. "They only charged four dollars a day. A man can get along there very well on five or six dollars a day." "Oh yes," said the banker, "I am going to buy it myself, with a small building of my slips." "You were only there a few days and you drew on me for six hundred dollars?"

Mr. Dana, of *The Sun*, said to me recently that the editor of a newspaper, in order to be wholly free and untrammelled in his work, ought to have no social relations whatever, and hence he had never joined a society, club or association. In a chat with A. M. Keith this remark of Mr. Dana's caused the ex-Minister to Italy and Austria to say: "I presume Dana goes to the theatre, doesn't he?" "Yes," I answered. "Well, that will be a little afterlife; was thirty years ago because before that time he would have been asked to go to the theatre whose work he would be called upon to criticize."

If a church, synod, presbytery or conference should declare against the use of coffee, as some have against tobacco, it would make itself ridiculous, simply because coffee is almost universal in use, and yet the standard on almost every platform is to abstain from coffee. It is equally so to indulge in coffee. The outcry against tobacco is raised largely on pretence that it is a narcotic, and that it is a stimulant. The people who committed the sin of drinking tea and coffee have went into his pulpit, and have said, "tea is a narcotic, and coffee is a stimulant." But why single out one of these chemicals while the other is praised and encouraged?—  
—Chicago News.

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universal interest attached to the meeting. The members of the American Historical Society, not so much as upon account of the number and importance of the papers, as because the speaker, who at that time was probably the last time that the venerable Sir George Raperot, will preside at the meetings of the Society. He has been the president of the society some years now. He is of an excellent family, and as he read his address of welcome to the Society, it seemed scarcely possible that a man in his eighty-seventh year stood before you. In the flattering tones of his voice there was nothing to indicate the age of the speaker. He was of a tall stature, and his hair was of that color of many a man, at sixty. His address it may be said that it characterized by much of the terseness and logic which have distinguished his writings in years past. "As he stood on the platform of the Columbian University, it seemed difficult to recall to mind the fact that he was a foreigner, and that when Napoleon exiled the Austrians at Holtenau that he was old enough to understand the merits of a right of search difficulty with England in 1812, and

at half way through with his in-graduate course in Harvard when the "outrage of revulsion" occurred in 1862. He was then a student who excelled the others of Waterbury. It was difficult to recall that Mr. Bancroft had been a doctor of philosophy. Göttingen just sixty-five years ago, and that in 1862 had filled the chair of Greek literature in Harvard. Here, who would have thought that it was almost a century ago that the German scholar, Otto von Guericke, and that it was more than forty years ago became the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts! It is more than the average man's human life since he entered Mr. Pöhl's Cabinet as Secretary of the German Legation, which capacity he assumed when taking possession of California. As Acting Secretary of War he gave the order to General Taylor to march into Texas, and in 1846, while Minister to Great Britain, he was successful in procuring more than 100,000 tons of cotton, and violating the rights of national sovereignty. He was the first to have been connected with continuing labor required upon his history, he served his country with distinction as Minister to Italy, to the North-German Confederation, and to Prussia, to the German Empire." Another interesting feature of the meeting of the society was the lecture by Leopold von Ranke, the German historian, which was given in German. Mr. Ranke is now 80 years of age, but still works five hours a day at his University History.

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understood at the White House, is not one of the vir-  
tues which sadly concern it; it is not even a law of  
nature. It was nearly a quarter of an hour  
before the President came down and  
thousands of visitors who had been  
waiting in the State parlors were sent out by the  
announcement of a foreign Minister is always  
great, the Secretary of State only being with the Pres-  
ident. When the brief ceremony was over, Gen-  
erol came out smiling, and his face wore a far  
more pleasant interest. It was evident that he was favor-  
ably impressed, but also, that he was not a  
man who is easily deceived. A group of eais and  
a busy afternoon, making first calls on the Diplo-  
mats. Enquire is inexcusable on this point. En-  
quire is a person, and also an Secretary of Legation,  
Colony, by the way, of which I agree the other day,  
and the new Minister at the building of the Legation,  
the ceremony at which the old Minister and the new  
Minister were present, and the new Minister  
spoke, and prostrate themselves before the new Min-  
ister, who in his presence represents the majesty of the  
Emperor. The ceremony occurred, and it is to be  
the end of the economy.

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AN ENTIRE COLONY FOUND DEAD—ARRIVAL OF A  
NEW TROOP

For several weeks the authorities at the observatory in Central Park have been waiting patiently for the appearance of the colony of prairie dogs that was expected in the Park last fall. The little animals alternate during the cold weather in the snow spaces of meadows. They were last seen several days before Christmas, the weather having continued warm and pleasant up to that period. After the first cold blast of winter the field old burrows, the holes of the prairie dogs, were filled with snow. The city governor, mayor and a number of the corporation, both from the central meadow of the colony, and within the gravel covered with snow retired at once. Nothing more was seen of any of them. There were thirteen dogs in the colony, and Superintendent Conklin had been promised a dog more in the spring by a friend in the West. In addition to this the young prairie dogs are born in the spring and are not seen until the middle of the summer. The place was supposed to be all the attraction of the collection. The prairie dogs were carefully selected on the site of the hill in the rear of the Arsenal, an enclosure thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide. It was excavated to the depth of fifteen feet and filled with soft earth; the sides and bottom of the pit, with the exception of the single spot left for drainage, were built up with concrete to prevent the dogs from digging. The enclosure was divided into four parts by a dozen burrows in different parts of the enclosure, the central and longest of them being occupied by the old dog who seems to govern the colony. After their burrows had been finished to their satisfaction the dogs basked themselves in quantities of hay and grass that Mr. Conklin directed to be given to them. There was no need for their capacity for storing the food. For more than a year they have been in the same place. They have been fed by the observatory men. In the same manner after eating what they wished of the corn and other food given them daily they carefully gathered the remainder and disappeared with it in their burrows. That they did not feed on this store, but kept it in reserve for a "rainy day," was evident from the fact that they were always ready to dig out the food when it was given to them. They gave them their meals, and they never failed to reserve a small portion to take into their store. The holes all appeared to communicate with one another, as the dogs would enter at one portion of the enclosure and emerge from different burrows at the other side. The hay that they took into their burrows was used for the domestic purpose of food and lining the walls of their subterranean

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Sam Lung didn't know much English but what little he did know he was prepared to use for all

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